

# THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCE FOLLOW."

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## THE MOUNTAINEER

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## Original Poetry.

STANZAS.  
BY E. E. CARRISMAN.

It is not easy to forget  
The friendship woven in early years;  
Before the web of life hath yet  
Been sufficed with the stain of tears;  
That gleamed in childhood's haunted bowers  
When sun-dyed blossoms, formed the chain  
That bound our hearts with love's pure  
And tender friendship of life's morning hour.

It is not easy to forget  
The fact that spring beside our own;  
That fact that echoed back our laugh,  
That fact that filled its bird-like tone;  
That hand that stretched the same bright flowers,  
That eye, so full of sunny beam,  
That turned so eagerly to ours,  
When life itself was but a dream.

## Selections.

SPEECH OF THE HON. H. WINTER DAVIS.

HON. HENRY WINTER DAVIS publicly  
accepted the nomination for Congress  
from the fourth Congressional district of  
Maryland, on Monday, May 20th, and  
made a speech in defense of his position,  
from which the following is extracted:—

We are now in the midst of that crisis  
which wise men have foreseen, which good  
men have feared, and which base men  
have endeavored to produce; and patriots  
may vainly strive to avert it. If there  
ever existed a time when the destinies of  
a great nation hung in the breeze, it is the  
present. By the maltreatment of those  
then in power, what was last winter but a  
slight disturbance, has been aggravated  
into a formidable rebellion, and expanded  
over nearly one-half of the United States.

Here, in Maryland, we were not without  
a revolutionary faction, but the wise resolu-  
tion of Gov. Hicks, and his refusal to  
summon the Legislature, had prevented the  
inauguration of civil war in Maryland.  
Yet, the very men who were then furious  
in their endeavors to secure the people of  
Maryland an opportunity to express their  
sentiments, have become determined in  
their objection to granting them that op-  
portunity, on the conviction that the sen-  
timents of the people of Maryland, if now  
expressed, would be such as they would  
not desire to hear. Since the treaty of  
Ghent, continued Mr. Davis, there has  
been no crisis in our history requiring  
more wisdom and statesmanlike discretion  
in its management than this one now upon  
us. Let us, then, forget the past. No  
man who is not willing to banish from  
his heart all personal and political rancor,  
and to subordinate all ambition to the  
duty of patriotism, is worthy to be trusted.  
The issues now before us are the life or  
death of the nation, and all questions  
should sink before the overwhelming in-  
quiry of "How shall the republic be main-  
tained?" Upon the supremacy of the  
government depends all the personal and  
political freedom which we now enjoy, and  
so that government we all—individuals  
and corporations—owe an absolute and  
unlimited obedience. As to the right of  
secession, Mr. Davis said it was a right  
which can only be maintained by arms,  
and which must also fall by arms. (Ap-  
plause.) He illustrated the absurdities  
into which the practical recognition of  
the right of secession would inevitably  
lead the nation, and said there are na-  
tional necessities in which the people will  
not stop to ask whether a writ of elec-  
tion will lie. They will take the right  
to act in all cases where the national ex-  
istence is involved. He knew no brother-  
hood outside the limits of the United  
States. If any body of men have taken  
territory belonging to the Government,  
and placed themselves beyond the limits  
of the Union, he was for treating them as  
unconquered as we would have treated  
Spain or France had the necessary pos-  
session of Florida or Louisiana been de-  
nied us. If the States which claim the  
title of Confederate States are yet within  
the jurisdiction of the Union, then let  
them obey its laws. He neither knew  
nor would recognize any intermediate  
States. The learned legislators at Freder-  
ick had pronounced the war unconstitutional,  
but he would suppose that uncon-  
stitutional proceedings would be dealt

with leniently by those who had them-  
selves unconstitutionally resisted the pas-  
sage of United States troops through a  
city of the United States; who had seized  
the property of the Government; had  
blockaded the port of Baltimore, and had  
arrested the transit of provisions to the  
national capital. The Constitution, he  
said, was not a rope of sand, but a great  
instrument to hold together thirty millions  
of people. The wonder of the world—  
not its contempt. The Government had  
tolerated the mad acts of the rebels of the  
South until it had become contemptible in  
the eyes of nations; had borne it until, in  
the attempt to feed a starving, garri-  
son, the flag and dignity of the Government  
had been assailed, and at last it had de-  
termined, aided by the loyal millions of  
the North, to strike a blow in vindication  
of its rights. All that Mr. Lincoln has  
thus far done, Mr. Davis contended, had  
been done under the sanction of the  
Constitution, with the single exception,  
he said, of the second proclamation, call-  
ing out the volunteers for a three years'  
term of service, and increasing the army  
and navy. Yet, even these acts, excused  
on the ground of their necessity, had been  
referred to the approaching Congress for  
its sanction. Mr. Davis said the mission  
of the volunteers called out would be to  
support the yet loyal sentiment in the  
seceded States, now crushed down under  
the heel of a military despotism; and  
aided by the overwhelming numerical force  
of the North, he entertained a hope that  
the restoration of peace, harmony, and  
Union might yet be accomplished without  
bloodshed. He had a horror of civil war,  
but a much greater horror of national de-  
gradation and ruin.

## DANIEL WEBSTER ON "PEACE- ABLE SECESSION"—A THRILL- ING SPEECH.

IN his last great speech in the Senate,  
on the 1st of March, 1850, Daniel Web-  
ster thus speaks of secession:

Mr. President:—I should much prefer  
to have heard from every member of this  
floor, declarations of opinion that this  
Union could never be dissolved, than the  
declaration of opinion by anybody, that in  
any case, under the pressure of any cir-  
cumstances, such a dissolution was possi-  
ble. I hear with distress and anguish the  
word "Secession," especially when it falls  
from the lips of those who are patriotic,  
and known to the country, and know all  
over the world, for their political ser-  
vices.

Secession! Peaceable Secession! Sir,  
your eyes and mine are never destined to  
see that miracle. The dismemberment of  
this vast country without convulsion!  
The breaking up of the fountains of the  
Great Deep without ruffling the surface!  
Who is so foolish (I beg every-  
body's pardon) as to expect to see any  
such thing? Sir, he who sees these States,  
now revolving in harmony around a com-  
mon centre, and expect to see them quit  
their places and fly off, without convul-  
sion, may look the next hour to see the  
heavenly bodies fall from their places and  
jostle against each other in the realms  
of space without causing the wreck of the  
universe. There can be no such thing as  
peaceable secession. Peaceable secession  
is an utter impossibility.

Is the great Constitution under which  
we live, covering this whole country, is it  
to be thawed and melted away by seces-  
sion, as the snows on the mountain melt  
under the influence of a vernal sun, dis-  
appear almost unobserved and run off?  
No, sir! I will not state what might pro-  
duce the disruption of Union; but, sir, I  
see as clearly as the sun in the heavens  
what that disruption itself must produce.  
I see that it must produce war, and such  
war as I will not describe in its two-fold  
character. Peaceable secession! Peaceful  
secession! The concurrent agreement of  
all the members of this great Republic to  
separate! A voluntary separation, with  
alimony on the one side and on the other!  
Why, what would be the result? Where  
is the line to be drawn? What States  
are to secede? Who is to retain America?  
What am I to be? An American no longer?  
Am I to become a sectional man,  
a local man, a separatist with no country  
in common with the gentlemen who sit  
around me here, or who fill the other  
House of Congress? Heaven forbid!  
Where is the flag of the Republic to re-  
main? Where is the eagle still to tower?  
Or, is he to cover and shrink, and fall to  
the ground?

Why, sir, our ancestors, our fathers  
and our grandfathers, those of them that  
are yet living among us with prolonged  
lives, would rebuke and reproach us, and  
our children and our grandchildren would  
cry out shame upon us, if we thus dis-  
honor these emblems of the power of the  
government and the harmony of that  
Union which is every day felt among us  
with so much joy and gratitude.

## THE ATTACK ON SEWALL'S POINT.

The Alexandria Gazette, of May 22d,  
gives the following particulars in relation  
to the attack on the battery at Sewall's  
Point, which, it says, were furnished by  
an eye-witness:

These steamers were about a quarter of  
a mile from the unfinished works, during  
the time they were hammering away at  
them, so, but we learn have scarcely soiled  
the works, the only damage being the  
starting of a log of one of the embrasures.  
Out of about thirty shot and shell only one  
took effect as above. The women and  
children living in the neighborhood were  
very much alarmed, and left their houses  
and sought safety by flight.

There was no one in the place armed.  
A white man had a Sharp's rifle loaded,  
with which he stood upon the works, took  
aim, and fired, though it was not known  
with what effect. Another man had one  
of Allen's old style pocket-pistols, which  
he had left near the beach, in the crotch  
of a tree. He mentioned the circumstance  
to a negro, who volunteered to go after it  
for him; he told him not to do so. The  
negro, however, watched his chance be-  
tween fires, and darted to the tree and  
got it, thus evincing a remarkable degree  
of fearlessness.

The hands at the works were strongly  
tempted to scamper off, till the first two  
or three shots from the Monticello were  
fired, but finding their ability to dodge  
them so finely, they held their places in  
order to see the fun. Many of the shots  
took effect in the trees, limbs from which  
were cut off, which was the most danger-  
ous feature of the whole affair. They,  
however, kept clear of the trees, and  
avoided the danger from that source.  
The ball and shell mostly fell in the rear  
of the works in a bog, the mud from which  
some of them would scatter like a hail-  
storm.

During the cannonading, we understand  
some of the infantry sallied out on the  
beach and discharged their small arms  
(Mina rifles, we presume), at the Monticello,  
she being what was considered at the time  
within range. It is said that every man  
engaged on shore acted the part of a hero,  
the only regret being that they were not  
more thoroughly prepared for the occasion  
by having their ordnance in better condition  
for the reception of the enemy.

## DESTRUCTIVENESS OF EN- GINES OF WAR.

As the invention of gunpowder has  
tended to soften the ferocity of war, and  
to the saving of human life, so it may be  
hoped that scientific improvements may  
yet be made which will diminish still fur-  
ther the carnage incident to military op-  
erations. The Chevalier Folard, in his  
account of the catapulte balista, and other  
engines of the ancients, states that some  
of their powers were little inferior to those  
of our modern instruments of destruc-  
tion, and in the works of Ctesus we find  
that the effects of wooden balls and stones  
projected from the engines then in use  
were by no means unknown; but of their  
velocity we know little or nothing. By the  
calculations of D'Arion it appears that the  
velocity of a cannon ball is nearly 2,000 feet  
in a second, and that of a musket about 1,700  
feet; but these velocities rapidly diminish  
from the moment the ball quits the mouth  
of the gun, and are greatly influenced by  
the quantity and quality of the powder,  
the force used in ramming the wads, the  
elevation of the gun and the length of the  
barrel. The state of the atmosphere also  
has some influence, the velocity of the ball  
in very dry weather, being one-seventh  
greater than when the air is loaded with  
vapor. In sieges, heavy cannon are used,  
while in engagements in the open field, the  
weight of the shot is of course less, owing  
to the necessity in the latter case of hav-  
ing guns sufficiently light to be easily port-  
able. The other species of shot are the  
common musket ball, fired singly from  
muskets or discharged in cases from field-  
pieces; Minie rifle bullets; shrapnel and  
other improved shells; grape, which con-  
sists of small iron balls disposed in linen  
bags fastened to a wooden bottom, in the  
middle of which is a spindle: round which  
the balls are secured by cord or wire; or  
cane shot, which consists of the same iron  
balls put into tin cylinders, the bases of  
which are closed by two circular pieces of  
wood. Another kind of projectiles are  
shells, or hollow iron spheres filled with  
powder, which may act either before or  
after their explosion.

A French scientific journal has just  
received states that in addition to experi-  
ments with a steel cannon said to be in-  
vented by the emperor, which have just  
been made near the city, trials have  
taken place with a new projectile weigh-  
ing about 100 lbs. which is of such terri-  
ble power that it is believed that in burst-  
ing in the midst of a mass of men, a hun-  
dred might be killed or wounded.

The closer the contending armies are to  
each other, the more deadly will be the  
effect of all projectiles. Thus, according  
to D'Arion, a 33-pound shot may pierce  
a file of seventy men; a 16-pound, a file  
of forty-eight; an 8-pound, a file of forty;  
a 13-ounce shot, a file of twenty; a 6-ounce,  
a file of sixteen; a 1-ounce, a file of four.  
If very close to them and propelled by a  
certain degree of force, a shell will pass  
through from two to five men, and will  
kill or wound, by its splinters, from six to  
nine. The distance and the resistance  
will of course produce a great variation  
in the action of all these missiles, and it  
is remarkable what a very small amount  
of resistance will deflect a musket ball  
from its course. A man, for instance,  
has been struck on the throat, and the ball,  
instead of passing through the neck,  
only penetrated the skin, performing a  
complete circle under the integument, and  
lodging close to where it entered. Another  
singular fact is the harmlessness of  
slugs and musket balls when lodged in  
some parts of the body, nature forming a  
layer around them to protect the surround-  
ing parts. Many instances are on record  
of men carrying bullets thus encased for  
years without much pain or suffering.

An old lady, sleeping during divine  
service, in a church in Liverpool, let fall  
her Bible, with clasp to it, and the noise  
partially waking her, she exclaimed aloud:  
"What you've broke another jug, you  
sister, have you?"

## QUEER EXAMINATION—A RE- FRACTORY HIBERNIAN WIT- NESS.

EVERYBODY knows Mr. R., the rather  
successful criminal lawyer of Philadelphia,  
says the *Mercury*, and the peculiar tact  
with which he usually succeeds in eliciting  
the truth from a witness. He once in a  
while, however, meets with a queer cus-  
tomer, with whom he can do nothing  
whatever. Such a one turned up before  
a committing magistrate recently.

A Mr. Doyle was arraigned for keep-  
ing a disorderly house on Shipping Street.  
The complainant engaged R., to attend to  
his case, and put Doyle through a course  
of sprouts. The first witness examined  
was Cornelius O'Neil. We give his ex-  
amination by R.:

"Do you know the defendant?"  
"Niver a man better."  
"What kind of a house does he keep?"  
"A brick house."  
"I don't mean that; what are its pecu-  
liarities?"

"Two stories, with a back kitchen that  
joins on to McGarry's fence."

"You still misunderstand me; I wish to  
know the reputation of the house. Is it  
good or bad?"

"Bad entirely."  
R. called the attention of the court to  
this answer, and desired the magistrate to  
take a note. The magistrate did so.

"What do you mean when you say that  
the reputation of the house is bad?"  
"That it has the devil's own chimney,  
and a roof that leaks like a sieve."

"You still misunderstand me, O'Neil.—  
Let us try again. What kind of people  
visit the house?"

"Men and women principally; at least  
that's the only kind I ever met there."  
"Well, what kind of women are they?"

"Female women, as near as I can  
judge."  
"Well, what is their character?"

"Only one of them has that article."  
"The Court will please note that. Only  
one of the females has a character. And  
which one is that?"

"A young lady by the name of Mc-  
Shane."  
"She, you think, has a character?"

"Think! I know it. I saw it on Mon-  
day."  
"Saw what?"

"Her character. It was written by  
Father Daley, with a good pen."  
"You still persist in misunderstanding me.  
Let us try once more. Have you ever  
seen her when she was drunk?"

"No, sir, not of the town, but a raft  
of them from the country."  
"By women of the town, O'Neil, I mean  
common, vicious women."  
"What do ye say?"

"I say I had women. Have you ever  
seen such women drinking and dancing at  
Doyle's?"

"Ah! mush! listen to that! An is it  
the likes of Doyle that would allow such  
people to misbehave his shop? By the powers  
of Cronwell, if his boy Mike was here, but  
he'd twist yer nose till ye could use it for  
a gullet!"

"Here O'Neil became so excited that R.  
told him he could stand aside to make  
room for the next witness."

## A DELAWARE LAW CASE.

SOME years ago, in Newcastle County,  
Delaware, an Irishman was knocked down  
and robbed. He accused a man of having  
committed the robbery, and, in due time,  
the case came to trial. The Irishman  
being upon the stand, was cross-examined,  
after having sworn positively to the guilt  
of the prisoner, by one of the keenest  
lawyers, and something like the following  
was the result:

"You say the prisoner at the bar is  
the man who assaulted and robbed you?"

"Yes."  
"Was it moonlight when the occurrence  
took place?"

"Divil a bit in it."  
"Was it starlight?"

"Not a whit; it was so dark that you  
could not have seen your hand before you."

"Was there any light shining from any  
house near by?"

"Divil a bit in it; there was there any-  
where about."

"Well, then, if there was no moon, no  
stars, nor light from any house, and so  
dark that you could not see your hand be-  
fore you, how are you able to swear that  
the prisoner was the man? How could  
you see him?"

"Why, yer honor, when the spalpeen  
struck me, the fire flew out of my eyes  
so bright you might have seen to pick up a  
pin, you might."

The court, jury, counsel, and spectators  
exploded with shouts at this quaint idea,  
and the prisoner was directly after de-  
clared not guilty.

## ROSA WYNN.

The ceiling is low; the room narrow.  
In one corner is a bed; in another a  
table; in another a barrel, from which the  
meal comes to be made into paste with  
water, and browned before the fire on the  
hearth. A broad-faced baby crawls into  
puddles of soap and water, in its crab-like  
voyages across the kitchen floor. John  
has tipped a load of branches from his  
cray-barrow, close by the rotten threshold.  
Nancy is full of the sultriness of early  
teens over maternal scoldings, and sitting  
dejectedly in the corner, bites her nails,  
while the baby makes shrill announce-  
ment of a recent and painful calipso. A  
woman bends over a tub on a stool, and  
with one hand resting on its ridge, grasps  
the stained linen in the other, joining it  
upon the grooved rubbing-board 'till the  
knuckles grow white and the arms blood-  
red, with the untoward exertion. She  
stands erect now, to take a moment's  
breath and ease the aching muscles of her  
right arm, resting both hands on her hips  
and gazing vacantly on the comfortable  
scene. Her naked feet, in tatters,  
and all airy; eyes dark, lusterless, but  
sharp; thin, long features; a face almost  
hard with life-long, unrequited labor, and  
a want of sunshine in the heavy heart.

Twenty years ago, this was Rosa  
Wynn. Brown-tressed, bright-eyed,  
dimpled Rosa Wynn. Checks tinted and  
fall with life, youth and health. Arms  
white, rounded and dimpled at the elbow,  
tapping gently to the slender arched and  
tapering hand. Head set proudly, under  
its wealth of brown hair, upon a girlish  
but curiously figure.

Rosa's home, too, was pretty and peace-  
ful and sweet. Over the door-ways creep  
vines, blossoming into white and crimson  
stars in the spring time, and hiding big  
clusters of purple, globular nectar under  
their broad leaves in the time of falling  
leaves and coming frosts. Birds sang  
songs in the tree-tops which shadowed  
the cottage-door, and sweet in leafy  
plenty to the road-side wall. Lilies,  
sweet and pure as angels, peeped up at  
Rosa's window from the little pond be-  
low the hill where a spring bubbled out  
of the rock, and gave the sweet things  
drink through all the live-long day. Ah!  
a pleasant home was Rosa Wynn's.

Dashing down the hill, crushing stony  
making the dust to spring in clouds upon  
the green leaves of the trees and the soft  
tips of the flowers, came a stranger,  
coach. The dark eyes, steady, deep,  
proud, wealthy Mr. Magnus. Rosa stood  
in the little portico, watching the dash,  
the dust, and the gliding full of awe in  
view of such greatness and wealth.

Magnus, from his coach window,  
glanced at the little wood nymph, and  
thought it a pleasant thing to cage a  
maiden like that.

Rosa trembled when the great man  
stooped and entered the cottage door-  
way, jostling the bunches of grapes with  
the crown of his head. The simple girl  
sat, reverential, while the rich man talked  
with her brown father and her glad-eyed  
mother. Little Willie, apron clean, and  
hands clasped at the back of his jacket,  
peeped in at the door-way once, then ran  
away as fast as his little legs would allow.  
The dark stranger stood with Rosa by  
the window, talked a brief while, then  
went away. The girl crept up to her  
little room. The father and mother  
looked into each other's eyes; then went  
about the duties of the day.

Once, twice, again and again, the dark  
stranger, with his gold-framed words,  
bowed under the vines at the door, and  
every time the vines put out their purple  
knuckles, and tried to check his entrance.

By-and-by, the stranger carried the  
girl away from her home—a slave, bought  
by gold, and show and ferrency.

This was the price which the proud  
little Rosa Wynn paid for the gold and  
show: a young, warm, generous, true,  
manly heart, pulsing blood to a broad  
brain, behind an open brow and a clear  
liquid eye; her betrothed word and her  
only heart's love—for she had lain her  
head upon his breast as maiden's do when  
they say "I love you."

When the stranger came in, Mark  
went out. He saw the love going away  
from her eyes at the very first, and he  
only said:

"You choose this splendor to my love,  
Rosa. Take it. You have given me my  
first lesson in distrust."

Rosa would have shrunk back to his  
manly heart ere long, but for the sounding  
words and high head of the stranger, her  
foolish reverence, and her mother's im-  
itation. So she went with the stranger,  
proud man, shutting her eyes upon a pa-  
radise of love, for the bleak, barren hills of  
pride.

Ah! it is tiresome, hopeless, and sad,  
this thoughtless poverty, this bending  
over rough and heavy family cares, these  
long years of hardening labor, void of  
love, full of brutal words, where all is  
squalid and coarse. Shrink into corners,  
children, for father is coming, bloated  
and fierce, hercer by far than when he  
stood with Rosa by the window that  
looked out upon the hills. Give him  
room as he struggles in and seats himself  
loosely in the broken chair.

Has the warmth all gone from the  
heart of the terribly punished woman?

Does she see the spearpoint of the ris-  
ing sun glance from the windows on the  
hill, away, where Mark, the broad-browed  
master, has his home, loved and honored  
of men? Does she see the value of the  
love she sold for false ambition?

Yes. Pity her; but how sad that  
such trial and suffering should bring a  
hardening of nature, as well as of gloom  
and feature.

## THE SWEETHEART'S BOUQUET.

Among the fatal results to which the  
extravagant mania for jewels of that day  
led, may be quoted the case of Madam  
Tiquet, whose bridal bouquet cost her life  
as well as her fortune. Carlier, a book-  
seller in the reign of Louis XVI., left at  
his death to each of his children—one, a  
girl of fifteen, the other a Captain in the  
Guards—a sum of 500,000 francs, then  
an enormous fortune. Mlle. Carlier,  
young, handsome and wealthy, had nu-  
merous suitors; one of these, M. Tiquet,  
a Counselor of the Parliament, sent her  
on her fete day a bouquet, in which the  
calices of the roses were of large di-  
amonds. The magnificence of this gift  
gave as good an opinion of the wealth,  
taste and liberality of the donor that the  
lady gave him the preference over all his  
competitors. But sad was the disappoint-  
ment that followed the bridal. The hus-  
band was rather poor than rich, and the  
bouquet that had cost 45,000 francs  
(\$1,800) had been bought on credit, and  
was paid out of the bride's fortune. The  
revelation of the deceit practiced upon her  
was not likely to insure domestic peace;  
the lady, moreover, found that instead of  
living in the style she had expected, she  
would have to diminish her own expendi-  
ture to provide for her husband's. She  
soon solicited and obtained a separation,  
and the use of her own fortune.

The husband retaliated by bringing a  
charge of undue intimacy between his wife  
and M. Mongeorge, a captain in the  
guards, and obtained from the King a  
*lettre de cachet*, to confine her in a convent.  
Unfortunately for his plans, he could not  
forebear triumphing over his victim by ex-  
hibiting to her the fatal order. The lady  
sprang forward, snatched it from him, and  
threw it into the fire! Here was an end  
to his vengeance. Forewarned is fore-  
armed. The other side had probably  
partisans in power, and when he solicited  
a second *lettre de cachet*, it was refused.

During these little bickerings, the loving  
couple continued to reside under the same  
roof, but in separate apartments. This  
state of things was finally brought to a  
close in a tragical manner. M. Tiquet  
one night received five stabs, of which,  
however, he did not choose to die—prob-  
ably to spite his wife. The assassin was  
arrested, and confessed that he had been  
instigated to the deed by Madame Tiquet.  
The wife was beheaded! The servant,  
who had been the tool of her vengeance,  
was hanged.

## AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

HYPNOTISM, or the art of producing in-  
sensitivity by the action of a glittering ob-  
ject on the visual organs, is becoming all  
the rage in the French hospitals. A pa-  
tient has undergone amputation of the hip-  
joint at Poitiers, under the influence of  
this new anesthetic agent. The *Gazette  
des Hopitaux* relates the following curious  
experiments on fowls, which proves be-  
yond a doubt that hypnotism, or nervous  
slumber, may be produced on animals as  
well as man. Dr. Miches, the author of  
these experiments, having placed a hen on  
a bench painted green, and about a yard  
and a half in length, and made an attend-  
ant hold it still, drew a line of chalk from  
the root of the bench, the point of which  
rested on the bench, all along the latter to  
its opposite extremity. The hen, which  
before the operation had been struggling  
violently, and turning its eyes in all di-  
rections, in the course of about two  
minutes kept looking fixedly at the line of  
white chalk. Soon after it winked rapid-  
ly, then opened its beak, and fell over on  
one side. Immediately its head, legs,  
and body were repeatedly pried with  
needles, without its betraying the slightest  
symptoms of pain. The operator turned  
its head right and left, and ultimately  
forced it under its wing, and in all these  
different positions it remained passive  
and immovable. This state continued  
for about three minutes, when the hen  
came spontaneously to itself again. It  
first shook its head, then suddenly getting  
up, shook it again several times, moved  
its eyes about, and then began to run. It  
was caught again and the chalk rubbed  
off its beak, as also from the bench; after  
which they endeavored to make it remain  
still, as before, but in vain, moreover the  
slightest pricking caused it to cry with  
pain. These experiments were variously  
repeated, and always with the same suc-  
cess. We may remark that the act of  
making a hen lie still by drawing lines  
with chalk on its head and across its  
beak is very old, and is mentioned in books  
of legerdemain, with the explanation that  
by that process the hen thinks itself tied  
down; nevertheless Dr. Miches's experi-  
ments are highly interesting, he being the  
first who has connected this well-known  
trick with the phenomenon of hypnotism,  
and shown that under such circumstances  
the hen is insensible, a fact which had  
quite escaped the notice of the vulgar.

## UNKIND WORDS.

"Do not use such words as those, they  
make my heart ache," said a mother to  
her children, who were disputing over  
some plaything. "Come here, and I will  
tell you about some cross words I once  
uttered, and which I never think of with-  
out feeling the deepest sorrow."

"Why mamma, I hardly thought you  
could say anything cross; I am sure you  
are always kind now."

The lady smiled sadly as she continued:  
"I had a sister Jane once; she was  
older than I was, and a very kind sister  
too. Once she was taken very sick, and  
for a time we thought we should lose her,  
but at last she grew a little better, and

could bear to sit up a little, or lie on the  
lounge, but we children had to keep very  
still while in the room. One evening I  
was sitting with her, and I commenced  
dramming on the window pane, which was  
my favorite amusement; presently I heard  
her say, 'Please, don't do that; it makes  
my head ache so badly.' I was not un-  
kind to my sister, but I was in a bad  
humor then and I had been during the  
whole afternoon; so I replied, 'O, very  
well, I see I'm in the way here; if I go  
to the parlor I cannot stir, because they  
have company; and with you, if I make  
the least noise, your head aches,' and so  
saying, I left the room. 'How dear-  
ness,' my sister said, 'I never saw my  
sister any more. The next morning  
I started away early before she was  
awake, to be gone for a few days. Very  
soon I was sent for to come home, for my  
sister's illness had returned, and when I  
reached there she was dead.' Here the  
mother stopped; she could say no more.  
Tears stood in her children's eyes, and the  
next moment they were locked in each  
other's arms; and often after that when  
tempted to use harsh words, they thought  
they might be among the last they  
should ever utter, checked them, and then  
came instead, that 'soft answer' that  
turneth away wrath.

## NEW THEORY RESPECTING THE EARTH.

The Hon. H. W. Taylor, of Canan-  
daigua, New York, in a lecture delivered  
in Paterson, N. J., last week, as reported  
in the *Paterson Guardian*, controverted  
the commonly-received opinion that the  
earth is an oblate spheroid, and holds that  
instead of being flat near the poles, there  
is a hollow depression—quoting in support  
of this opinion, recent geographical dis-  
coveries. Extending 2,000 miles across  
the poles is a warm sea, whose existence  
would be incompatible with the received  
theory.

The rays of the sun in summer, striking  
inside the cavity which has the icy circles  
for a rim, generates a vast amount of  
heat, which, in connection with the in-  
creased warmth resulting from a nearer  
approach to the earth's center, becomes  
adequate to the production of the tropical  
phenomenon which, found on the edges of  
the Polar Sea, have hitherto proved enig-  
matical.

The northern regions abound with re-  
mains of tropical plants and animals; and  
in the most northern parts of Siberia,  
remains of the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros,  
the elephant, and the hippopotamus, the  
rhinoceros, the elephant, and the hippopotamus,  
the rhinoceros, the elephant, and the hippopotamus,  
the rhinoceros, the elephant,